2: Mountford E-5 (1954) 1958
OI20 Tiwi OI20

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[FACING p. 3]
[FRONTISPIECE]

2: Mountford E-5 (1954) 1958
OI20 Tiwi OI20

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PLATE 1. *Artists of the Tiwi*
A, Pulanimbuwi; B, Inbidjarmeri; C, Tjamalampua; D, Malameriniita.

[p. 20 A]

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●142
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2: Mountford E-5 (1954) 1958
OI20 Tiwi OI20

[cf. 88 A]

PLATE 29. *Totemic Dances*
A, Jabiru, Tjalati; B, Owl, Pintoma; C, Lizard, Kilpuruni; D, Frog, Kwouk-kwouk.

2: Mountford E-5 (1954) 1958
OI20 Tiwi OI20

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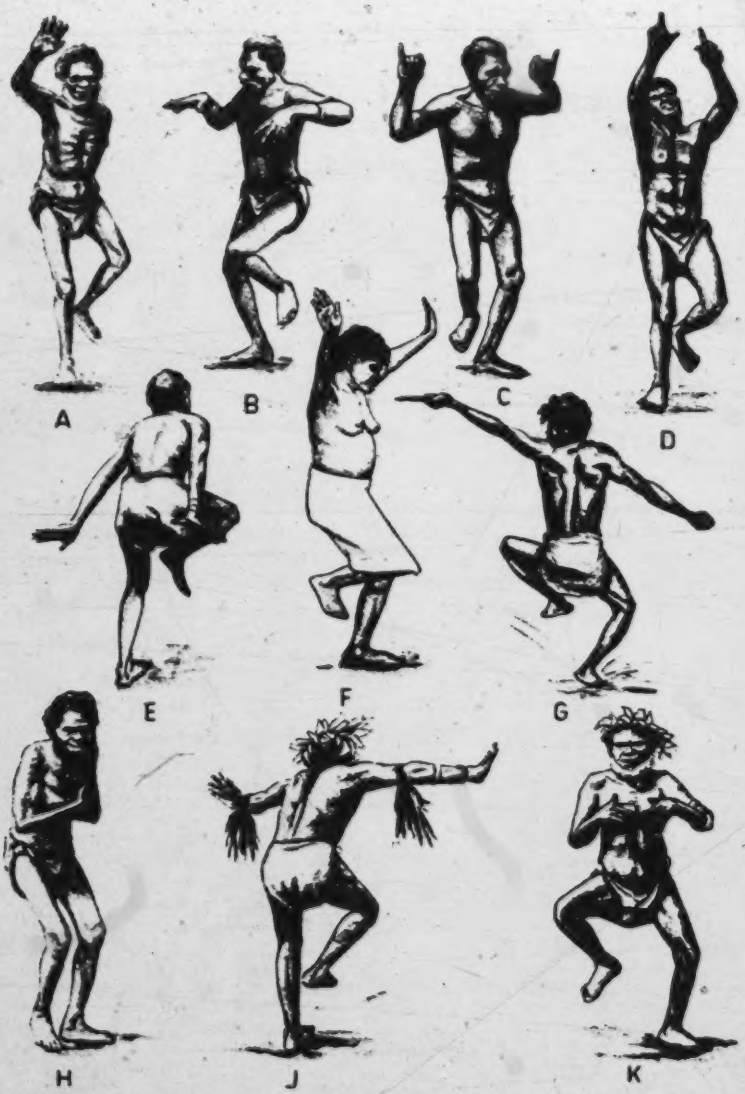

PLATE 30. *Totemic Dances*
A, Moon; B, Rain; C, Flying Fox; D, Wild Honey; E, Crocodile; F, Amburu; G, Shark; H, Skinny Fish; J, Sea-eagle; K, Ningaui.

[p. 88 B]

2: Mountford E-5 (1954) 1958
OI20 Tiwi OI20

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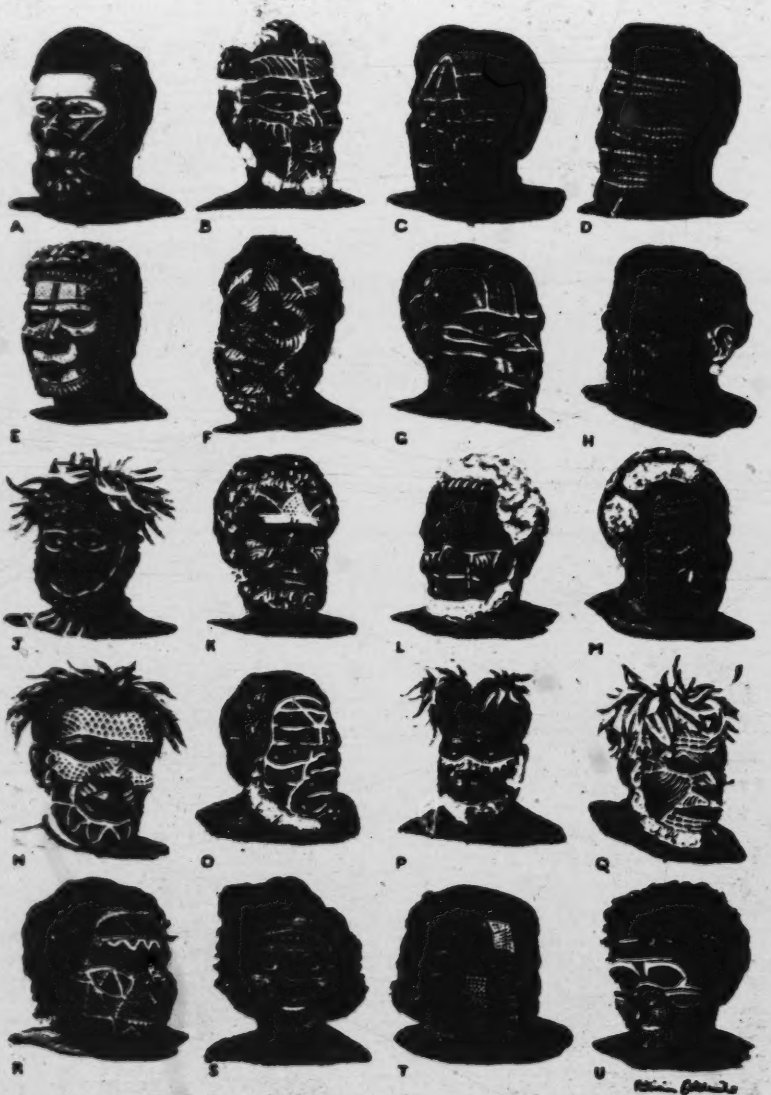

PLATE 28. *Ceremonial Facial Decorations*

A, Wadjeniati Initiate; B, Water-snake, Tuluma; C, Shark, Tuduwala; D, Fish, Mungumini; E, Thunder-man, Pakadringa; F, Salmon, Kumuninu; G, March-fly, Kudjatumpi; H, Boobook-owl, Purutjikini; J, Barn-owl, Pintoma; O, Ningani. K, L, M, N, P, Q, R, S, T, U, Unidentified.

[Analyst's note: the plate in the original text is in full color]

[FACING P. 92]

2: Mountford E-5 (1954) 1958
OI20 Tiwi OI20

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A B C

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D

PLATE 38. *Carved and Painted Burial Poles*
A, B, C, Carved and Painted Pole on Old Grave; D, Poles on Old Grave.

[p. 120 F]

2: Mountford E-5 (1954) 1958
OI20 Tiwi OI20

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A B C D

PLATE 44. *The Kulama Ceremony*

A, Chanting Kulama Songs; B, Placing Kulama Yams in Oven; C, Ritual before collecting Kulama Yam; D, The Kulama Yam.

[Cp. 128 B]

5: Basedow D-5 (1911)1913 OI20 Tiwi OI20

the advent of the buffalo-hunters, few white men had visited the islands since the early days of the naval settlement at Fort Dundas, established by Sir Gordon Bremer in 1824, but abandoned four years later. Malays and Japanese pearlers have been in the habit of taking in water from either of the islands and have frequently come into disastrous conflict with the natives. It is perhaps also on account of their isolation from civilization that I found the blacks comparatively free from any serious disease. Apart from the various minor ailments such as traumatic lesions and their after-effects, cataracts and keratitis, a few congenital deformities and such like, only a few cases of tertiary syphilis came under my notice.

A young gin was suffering from a disease of the hip, apparently chronic, but she was too timid to permit me to make an examination. They are on the whole a healthy, sturdy people of moderate stature, with a good muscular development and a square, big thorax. The characteristics are Australoid and yet they present certain insular peculiarities.

The Head.

The forehead is low, with a marked supraorbital development; the face somewhat depressed and the lower jaw strong. The eyes are sunken and the nose is small. The wavy black hair of some of the males was worked up into numerous small, cylindrical, pendant masses with clay and ochre.[1] This, so far as I could ascertain, designated mourning. Others had besmeared their hair with ochre. The hairs on the upper lip are pulled out. The growth of the beard of the men varies, but is, on an average, good.

The natives of either island do not practise the knocking out of one or two incisors as they do on the mainland. Major Campbell,[2] however, reports having observed the custom on Melville Island.

The face is painted symmetrically with differently coloured ochres, charcoal, and pipeclay, in various degrees of complexity (Fig. 1). A few of the simpler designs might be described briefly:—*Case* (1): The whole surface of the face blackened with charcoal. *Case* (2): The nose red and the rest of the face charcoal-black. *Case* (3): Face (including the shaven upper lip and upper part of chin) charcoal-

[1] *Cf.* J. MacGillivray, *Narrative Voyage H.M.S. "Rattlesnake,"* London, 1852, vol. ii, p. 13: "The characteristic mode of dressing the hair among the Torres Strait Islanders is to have it twisted up into long pipe-like ringlets, and wigs in imitation of this are also worn"; and again, "at Cape York I have at times for a week together seen all the men and lads with the hair twisted into little strands well daubed over with red ochre and turtle fat."

Also P. P. King, *Survey of the Intertropical Coasts of Australia*, 1837, vol. i, p. 114: "The men were more muscular and better formed than any we have before seen, they were daubed over with a yellow pigment which was the colour of the neighbouring cliff (Luxmore Head on Melville Island); their hair was long and curly and appeared to be clotted with a whitish paint."

[2] *Journ. Geogr. Society*, London, 1834, vol. iv, p. 153. *Cf.* also H. Klaatsch: *Rep. Austr. Assoc. Adv. Science*, 1907, vol. xi, p. 591.

9:Harney & Elkin E-4, 5 (ca.1940)1943 O120 Tiwi O120

MELVILLE AND BATHURST ISLANDERS: A SHORT DESCRIPTION

By W. E. HARNEY and A. P. ELKIN[1]

133 *Type of Country.* These islands are fairly large, measuring together about 150 miles from east to west and about 50 miles across the widest part. It is flat country composed of lateritic overburden covering a chalky and, in some places, a green stone full of fossils (Ammonites, Belemites, etc.). At one time it was probably connected with the mainland, and the Apsley Strait which separates the two islands was in those days a continuation of the Adelaide River.

137 The timber is mostly stringybark, bloodwood, and fan palm, while along the shores is the usual jungle growth that can be found in these parts. Wallabies and 136 other game are also present, but no porcupine (echidna), native cat or emu. Dingoes 231 are plentiful. This is the reason for the natives having few dogs. The tame dog (*wongine*), while out hunting alone, is often destroyed by these dingoes, *diamini*. 825 According to the natives, the dingoes do this because they are annoyed with the native dogs for taking some of their food. They (the *diamini*) are the rightful owners and the dog is an intruder.

●142 *The Natives.* The natives of these islands, all of whom speak one language, are an unusual type. Curly hair predominates, but occasionally we find a straight-304 haired and a curly haired person in the same family. The cicatrices on their bodies are of the palm leaf pattern, though the straight lines of the mainland people may 757 often be seen. They bear numerous small cuts on their foreheads and various parts of the body, caused by the practice of blood-letting as a cure for sickness.

101 *Tribal Name.* The tribal name of these people is an open question. At one time Mr. Harney called them Nimara, their word for language or talk. They have a word, Tunawini, one black man, but this term can embrace people of other tribes; it comes from the words *tiwi*, men (Hart's name for these natives, *Oceania*, Vol. I, No. 2, p. 167), *tini*, man, *tiga*, woman. They have, however, a term Worunguwe, which embraces them all—clans, horde places, people—and excludes other tribes such as Iwaidja, Larrakia, etc. The Iwaidja people call the Melville Island natives by that name, and Mr. Harney suggests that we should use it. Hart's term is not really a tribal name for it simply means people. Father McGrath suggests a name

[114] [1] Mr. W. E. Harney is the exceptional layman who understands Aboriginal culture. For a number of years he and I have been collaborating in the study of a number of Aboriginal tribes of the Northern Territory. This article is a brief summary of information gathered by Mr. Harney while engaged in work on Melville and Bathurst Islands. It has been checked, discussed with Mr. Harney, and rewritten by myself. For some parts of this paper readers are advised to refer to the following articles by C. W. M. Hart: "The Tiwi of Melville and Bathurst Islands," *Oceania*, Vol. I, No. 2, pp. 167-180, and "Personal Names Amongst the Tiwi," *Oceania*, Vol. I, No. 3, pp. 80-90.—A. P. ELKIN.

Ill: Goodale E-S (1954, 1962) 1963 OI20 Tiwi OI20

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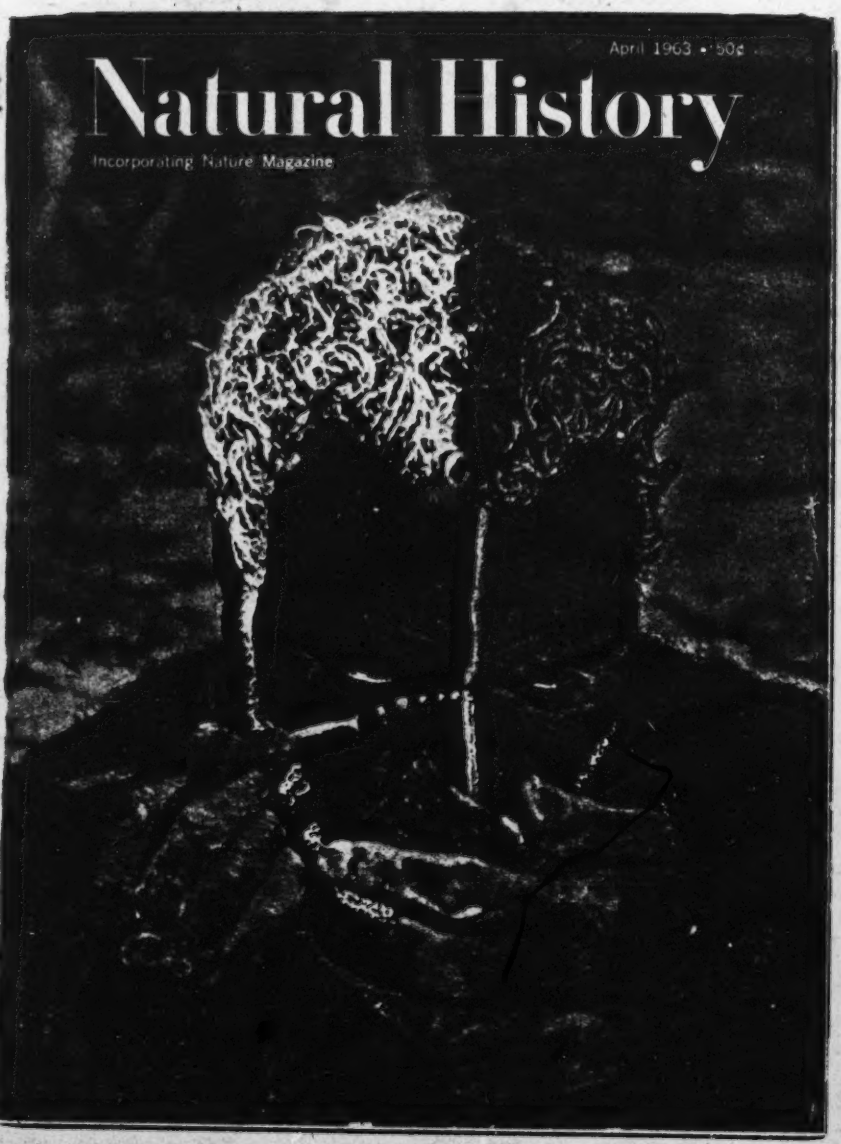

[colors appearing in original:
Hair - left: white, center stripe: red, right: yellow.
Face - left: unpainted, center stripe and dots: yellow,
right: red. -- Analyst.]

[Cover]

Il: Goodale E-5 (1954, 1962) 1963 O120 Tiwi OL20

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COVER: A man in the group of Tiwi natives living on Melville Island, in the Timor Sea, paints his face while participating in the Tiwi's annual, three-day *Kulama* ceremony, which is named after a toxic yam. The Tiwi who still adhere to tradition believe that great powers for good or evil dwell in *Kulama* yams, and that one must participate in their ritual preparation if one is to benefit from those powers. For those young Tiwi men and women who undergo the six years of instruction in the ritual, it represents a formal initiation into adulthood. Dr. Jane C. Goodale discusses this ceremony in the article that begins on page 10.

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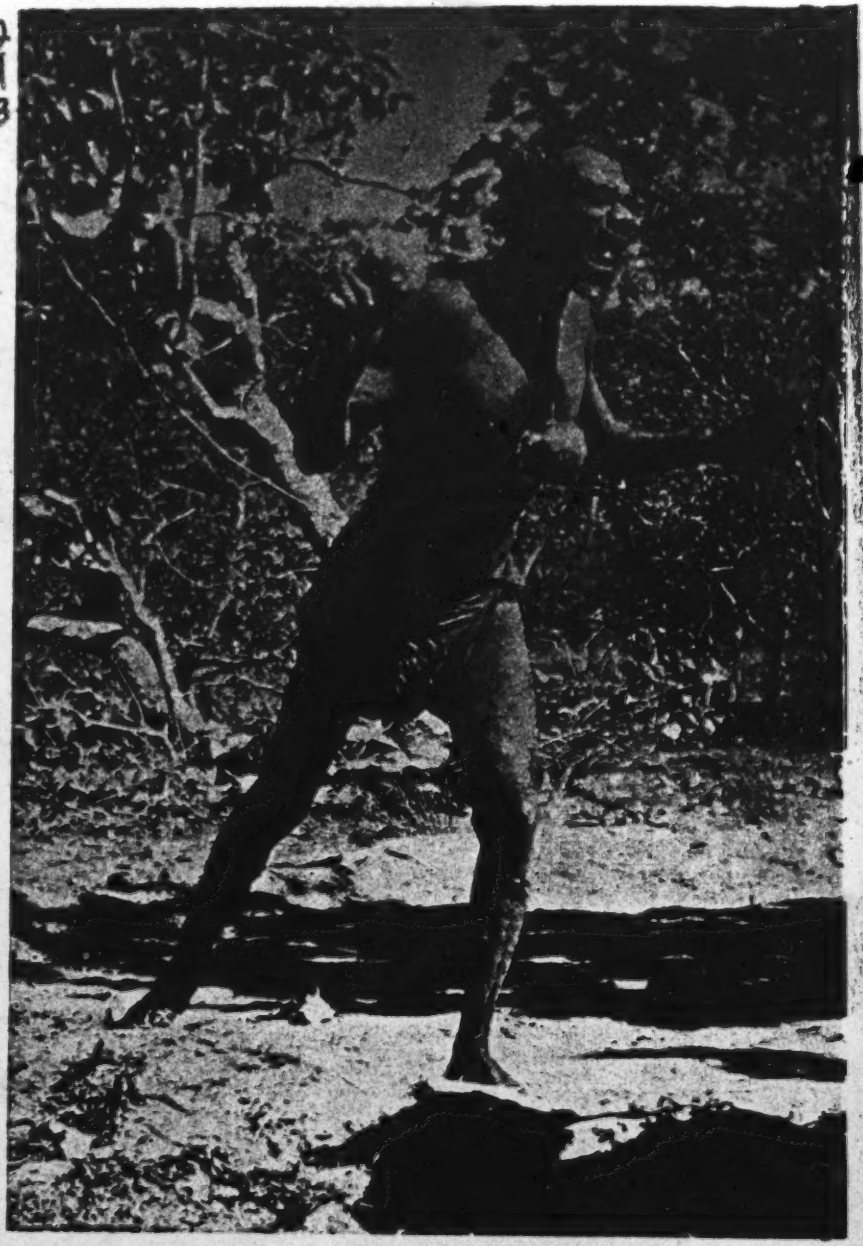

Tiwi native on Melville Island expresses a grievance in an original song during the annual three-day Kulama ceremony.

[P.10]

11:Goodale E-5 (1954, 1962) 1963 CK20 Tiwi CK20

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RUBBING PAINT into the hair is supposed to prevent illness, and daubing it on the arms and legs wards off broken bones.

[P. 13, (1)]

[p. 15, (8)]

FATHER PAINTS GIRL to show how it would be done if she were to be initiated. Although no children of group were considered ready, ceremony was held to maintain benefits thought to accrue to the Tiwi who had undergone initiation.

11cGoodale E-6 (1964, 1962) 1963 CE30 Tiwi CE30

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Near end of Kulama ceremony, performer, although hoarse and tired, must continue to sing until late in the night.

[colors appearing in original:

Body - light purple with white.

Hair and beard - left: yellow, center stripe: red, right: white.

Red across nose and upper cheek. -- Analyst.]

[P. 19]

12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 OI20 Tiwi OI20

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[P.2]
[P.1 not processed]

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[484]

Fig. 2. Dolly. The painted necklace is her ornament for the day.

was the increasing flocks of geese flying over to the east of us to their feeding grounds in the fresh-water swamps at the head of the Paluwiunga River. Since the Superintendent of the settlement had a plan to build a permanent camp for future crocodile hunts near this very spot, this seemed an ideal time for all concerned to make a trip to this area.

As there was a shortage of water transport (only four dug-out canoes and one small motor launch), the main group of twenty men, women, and children was taken in the canoes across Snake Bay the day before and left to "foot-walk" along the coast to the Paluwiunga. The Superintendent and his son went ahead in the motor launch and I followed the next day in "number one" canoe with my chosen companions. I had originally invited my chief informant Dolly and her husband Malony, but they had had a "proper row" a few nights previously and weren't speaking. Dolly would have come alone because the object of this row, her boy-friend, Billy-Two, was going, but public opinion was too strong in view of the very recent objection by her husband, and she begged out of the trip. In their place the choice of Albert and Agnes was obvious. They had been close associates of the expedition and of mine since our arrival. They were a young couple in their early twenties, but recently married, and very much in love—there would be no complicating boy-friend problems with them. But above all, Albert loved to hunt and he was a good man to be with in the bush. He was a quiet, serious young man and very modest about his accomplishments. Because of this he was not a good informant for native lore or customs; he would always refer us to the old men who knew much more than he. However, he was a conformist to these

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[626]
[837]
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12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 O120 Tiwi O120

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Fig. 7. Agnes (left) and a friend admire a large mangrove crab

together with sharks, these waters contain the large and dangerous salt-water crocodile and all manner of poisonous jellyfish, one realizes that to swim around in a high sea in the pitch dark requires considerable courage. 123

Soon after we had crawled under the mosquito netting and between the blankets rain began to fall in a gentle and persistent way, but still not hard enough to prevent our falling asleep with little conversation.

It was hardly light the next morning when Agnes stood up and rewrapped her *naga*, a strip of calico, about her waist, then took up the billys and went to the well to draw water for the morning tea. Although the rain had been steady during the night, the well-built fire still had some life in it and after a few minutes of concentrated blowing, Albert had it rejuvenated. While the billy boiled, Big Jack shook as much of the wet sand as was possible from the blankets and rolled them into tight bundles. Then he set off to retrieve the canoe. By the time he reappeared, the tea was ready and it helped to wash down the leathery cold strips of damper sweetened with jam. [291] [372]

12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 O120 Tiwi O120

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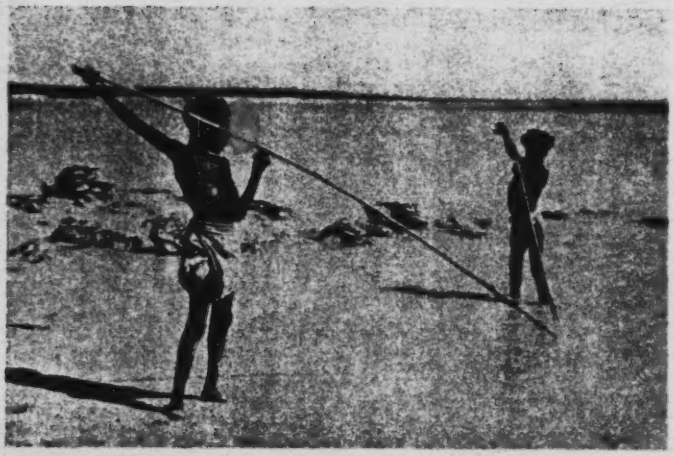

Fig. 9. Two young hunters practicing with fish-spears

123 the impenetrable jungle, which were attributed to the *Ningawi*, the
[776] weird and mysterious "little people" of the mangrove. Rounding a curve in the river, we surprised a flock of whistle ducks sitting on an exposed mudbank. Young Billy tried to shoot one for supper but missed, and soon they were well out of range. On a rare piece of solid ground we saw the long tail and massive hips of a startled
[136] wallaby as he hopped to safety. However, a successful throw of the fish-spear brought us a large barramundi, and the .22 rifle provided both a possum and a fruit bat, or flying fox, for supper.

All of a sudden the mangroves disappeared and our view was no longer restricted to the river bank; rather we gazed through
[137] thick, gnarled white paperbarks on the water's edge to wide expanses of marshy grasslands. A few flocks of black and white geese, which had returned to the swamps early in the evening, were startled by the sound of the motor and rose honking in fright.

About five, we reached Minianapi, a landing place about fifteen yards wide, where solid ground reached the river bank. We were

12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 O120 Tiwi O120

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Fig. 10. Skinning a large crocodile

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pieces of the white meat were carried into the camp to be roasted for dinner. What was not to be consumed that night was thrown into the water, for meat spoils quickly in this sticky climate.

Darkness came early, and with it came the return of the goose hunters and the departure of the launch with the Grimsters and their crocodile team. Once more they would spend the night hunting crocodiles, this time downstream on their way back to the settlement. Soon many little fires broke up the darkness of the clearing and the smell of fresh roasting meat wafted over to where Albert, Agnes, Jack, and I were opening cans of corned beef. "Tomorrow we go bush," Albert remarked and I heartily assented.

Young Brook, a lean young man, and his wife, Alice,

12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 OI20 Tiwi OI20

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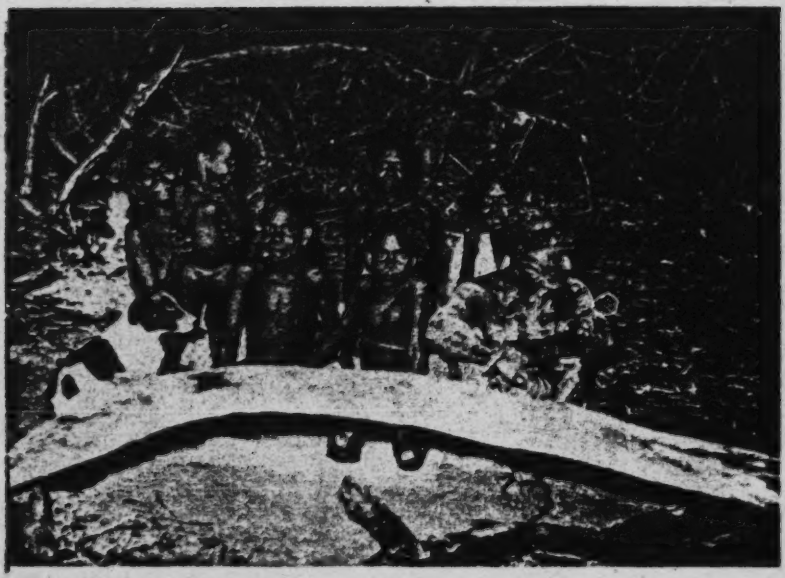

Fig. 12. A Tiwi family camped for the night

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Black Joe, Fat Alice's brother, had given them his eldest daughter in adoption. However, Dennis spent as much time with her proper parents as with her foster parents and it was quite evident that her affection was at least equally divided. Albert went over and managed to bring the screaming, kicking child back to our camp and asked me to give her some of the hard candy which I had brought with me. It was some time, however, before her attention was sufficiently distracted to allow Tuki and the other men to slip away into the canoe to hunt crocodiles for another night. Agnes commented to me, "Let him cry? That white man rule no good. By and by they go silly."

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We strolled back to Black Joe's camp with Dennis, and listened to a discussion concerning the superiority of crocodile hunting over

12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 O120 Tiwi O120

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Fig. 13. Gathering water-lilies in a fresh-water swamp

cut and after he had collected about thirty he selected a nice, smooth ledge of rock in the shade to work further on the sticks. First he stripped the bark, then measuring them against his arm he cut them so that each stick was as long as the distance from his fingertips to his elbow. All this he did with his knife, holding it by the tip of its long blade so that the handle would add its weight to each blow. He carefully smoothed off the two ends so there were no loose splinters. We each took a bundle of these sticks, tied them with strips of pandanus, and returned to the camp. Here they were laid in the water close to the bank and weighted down with a rock. This would make them good and heavy, it was explained.

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During the afternoon, the two men worked on the permanent house which Bill Grimster had ordered. Big Jack had spent the morning cutting posts and had brought in about half a dozen. By late afternoon, when the others returned, they had been set upright in holes dug to individual measure so that they stood firm without bracing.

Once everyone had returned, a fire was built. The men collected their individual bundles of *milingani* and placed the ends of the dripping sticks in the flames. They squatted over the sticks and individually started a chant during which they cupped their hands in the smoke and carrying it to their bodies, slapped their necks, then their arms. "Knar. Knar Gerra doo (slap), Gerra doo (slap)." The chant was nothing more than the imitation of the cries of the geese and the whir of the sticks. They explained that to bring the goose down they had to hit it directly on the neck or wings. "Why

12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 OI20 Tiwi OI20

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Fig. 14. "Cooking milingaai"

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do you cook the sticks?" I asked. "To make them dry so they won't slip in our hands," they replied.

Once the sticks were all well charred on the ends the men took them down to the canoe. For once, I used my status of ethnographer and overruled my role of a woman, and accompanied the men on what was properly men's business. The presence of women or children might bring bad luck. Whether the explanation was simply that women and children are considered to be lacking in the amount of silence or immobility required, or whether the reason was more subtle, I never found out. "This properly men's business," was the only explanation.

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We took the canoe a quarter of a mile up stream, where we

12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 OI20 Tiwi OI20

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Fig. 15. Weather-worn poles mark the grave of someone long dead but not forgotten

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bush. He bin die long time ago." This had been his country while alive and it was still his country, for his spirit remains near the grave and still hunts the wild animals and birds, while the spirits of his wives collect the wild yams, and his little spirit children play in the bush. Bangri will share this food with others who come, and their *mobudities*, should they die and be buried in the country, for as long as his name is remembered, and until his grave-posts rot with the passing of time.

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[223]

But Bangri was not cooperative. The next day the hunters found little game in the bush and the women turned to the laborious job of digging six-foot holes with a stick to obtain the small yams that are to be found at this season. Again the grass was too thick, the snakes too cheeky, and Albert advised against our going bush. I decided the more logical explanation was that Albert considered we ourselves had ample food, and besides he was sincerely worried about his long run of bad luck. But he left with the others that

12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 OI20 Tiwi OI20

evening to kill geese. When they returned with only three geese, a long conference was held. I offered all the food I could spare and it was decided that, in return for a few yams and some of the goose, I should make dampers and put jam on them for the children, all of whom were under five and very hungry, and give small pieces of tobacco to the men and women. This was Albert's, Agnes's, and Big Jack's tobacco, and so everyone traded something and all pronounced it a fair deal. I cooked the damper, smothered it with jam and, with Agnes prompting, called, "Kakritjui Kali." "Little ones, come." The five who could walk, ran, then stood shyly by while I handed each a piece; then they ran back to their mothers. Soon they were back and, nudged by their mothers, all murmured "Thank you very much." This was a phrase I never heard, either in the native language or in English, when they were receiving from another native. Giving and receiving were so much a part of their life that among themselves "thank you's" seemed unnecessary.

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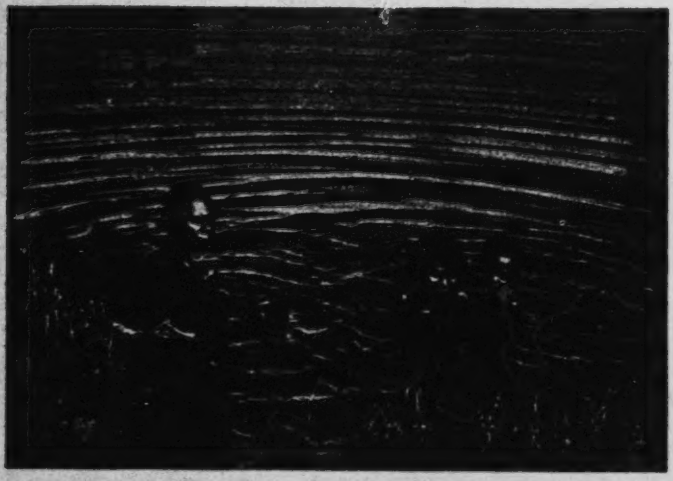

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Fig. 16. Agnes, Filicy, and Crissy-boy cooling off in the river

12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 OI20 Tiwi OI20

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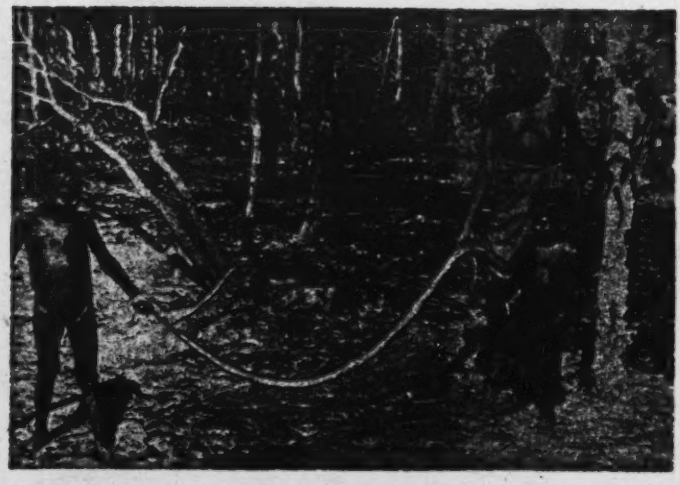

Fig. 20. Althea and Crissy-boy showing me the large snake which Filicy had killed

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262 cooked, with that delicious charcoal-broiled flavor so much sought after in our more elite dining establishments or in our backyards.

123
224 Just as we had started our feast the other group arrived and soon had their fire started. Although no overt comparison of each other's catch was made, it was quite obvious that their hunt had been more successful. Besides the half dozen possums and two goanas, they brought over to show us an extremely large water [431] snake about ten or twelve feet long. Shortly, Filicy again came [513] over and presented us with one of their possums. After this tremendous feast, everyone stretched out and went to sleep, rousing only in time to arrive back at Minianapi in time to meet the geese.
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484 All the way back in the canoe, Crissy-boy played with two hairless baby possums, creating quite an uproar as he put them in everyone's hair where they clung with their tiny feet. They died before we reached the shore and were thrown into the water. Althea was

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13:Barclay J-3 (ca. 1939)1939 0120 Tiwi 0120

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BATHURST ISLAND ABORIGINAL MOTHER AND CHILD.

600 crocodile, nothing that breathes so utterly immobile; but there are few beasts that can spring more quickly into deadly activity when the occasion warrants a display of strength and agility.

The Vernons do not appear to be the sort of emergency landing-ground that one would choose if it could possibly be avoided. Apart from the crocodiles, the terrain does not promise too safe a landing.

Sea and sky alike were palest blue, and, in the farthest distance, the vast and faintly-wrinkled expanse of ocean mingled softly with the sky in a pearly sea-haze. One could not say where the one began and the other ended, and, partly obscured in the haze, far-distant luggers, with all sail set, headed for Darwin. Beneath the 'plane, rounded boiling swirls, long straight lines of white foam, and darker turbulent streaks in the pale-blue surface of the sea clearly defined the spring-tide currents. Down beneath us, too, shoals and deeps showed emerald or blue, and the long, pale-brown lines of reef that run

The couples marry young without any thought for the future. They just marry as, and when, they feel inclined, and the mission fathers provide the new home. Under the palms beside the Strait are many of the queer little iron humpies provided, just a roof, as it were, sloping on each side from the ridge-pole to the ground. The whole can be picked up and moved to a fresh position when fleas become too numerous and the surroundings otherwise unpleasant. These humpies scarcely seem attractive to white folk, but the islanders like them, and they are at least a great improvement on the dog-kennels of old iron that the blacks persist in erecting for themselves on the beach at Darwin.

Proper houses are provided in the Kahlin compound there, but the blacks despise them; and, although the miserable humpies on the beach are demolished from time to time by the authorities, they are all up again by next evening. The good fathers know what the islanders prefer, and they have given the married couples the kind of accommodation in which they feel most happy. The humpies may be hot and stuffy, but they are dry inside when it rains.

The island blacks, in many respects, differ considerably from the tribes of the mainland. They are excessively hirsute, and, on attaining maturity, the men grow long beards, many being of truly patriarchal proportions. The upper lip is kept bare, which practice seems to emphasize the magnificence of the beard. Shocks of hair, sometimes standing six inches high, add to a wildly impressive appearance. They are tall and muscular, and, as they stride along, they seem the very acme of physical development, a living advertisement for the natural, open-air existence. The hairs, by the way, are plucked from the upper lip one by one, and this painful proceeding is undertaken in the calmest manner, certainly with less fuss and facial distortion than the average white man makes during his morning shave.

The use of the woomera for throwing spears, and of the

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726 One man will then take a step or two forward, hold up a hand, and stamp vigorously, and all the warriors of his side will copy his actions. "Let 'em all come!" is the attitude adopted. If the enemy does not start hostilities at once, they throw their spears down and jump about like wallabies to show their contempt for the sluggard's marksmanship. They are, however, careful not to get too far away from their own weapons, on which they pounce immediately the first spear is hurled by their opponents. The air is soon thick with flying spears and war-clubs, and the exchange goes on until some unlucky warrior is really hurt, when the engagement ceases.

727 BOTH sides gather round, howling their dismay, until repairs [781] to the injured have been effected. A red-dyed ball of goose-down, which is hung from the neck by a string woven of human hair, is held before the mouth as a charm to divert the missiles, but the warriors owe their immunity from death or serious injury to their own remarkable eyesight and to the dexterity with which they evade, or turn to one side, the hurtling weapons of the enemy. The war-clubs used by the islanders are far more 411 difficult to dodge than the spears, which come straight at you.

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A BATHURST ISLANDER BRANDISHES HIS CLUB.

The war-club is merely a short, bent stick with a knob at one end; but, spinning in the air like a boomerang, it can be thrown for amazing distances by the islanders, considerably over a hundred yards, and not far off two hundred. This weapon is not thrown straight at an opponent, but at a stone, or a tuft of

13:Barclay J-3 (ca. 1939)1939 OI20 Tiwi OI20

726 received any serious damage, and it seemed to have been a most enjoyable occasion. An islander, who had seen the world from the decks of many luggers, made a remark that was truer than he knew, "When white feller go to war, he takem rifle, he takem

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HUNTING TURTLE, FROM A DUG-OUT CANOE NEAR BATHURST ISLAND.

bomb. Some feller *must* be killed! White feller silly b——!" It cannot be said that the mission fathers have a dull time at Bathurst Island.

797 There are two sisters of the order at the Mission Station. In addition to teaching the girls, they attend to all household mat-

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